

Battle of Gettysburg
[Binder 1, p. 11-15]

DRAWN 6

Gettysburg Address

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Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

Excerpts from newspapers and
other sources illuminating
aspects of this most well-known
Presidential speech

References to the

Battle of Gettysburg

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

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The New York Times Magazine

JULY 3
1938

Section

7

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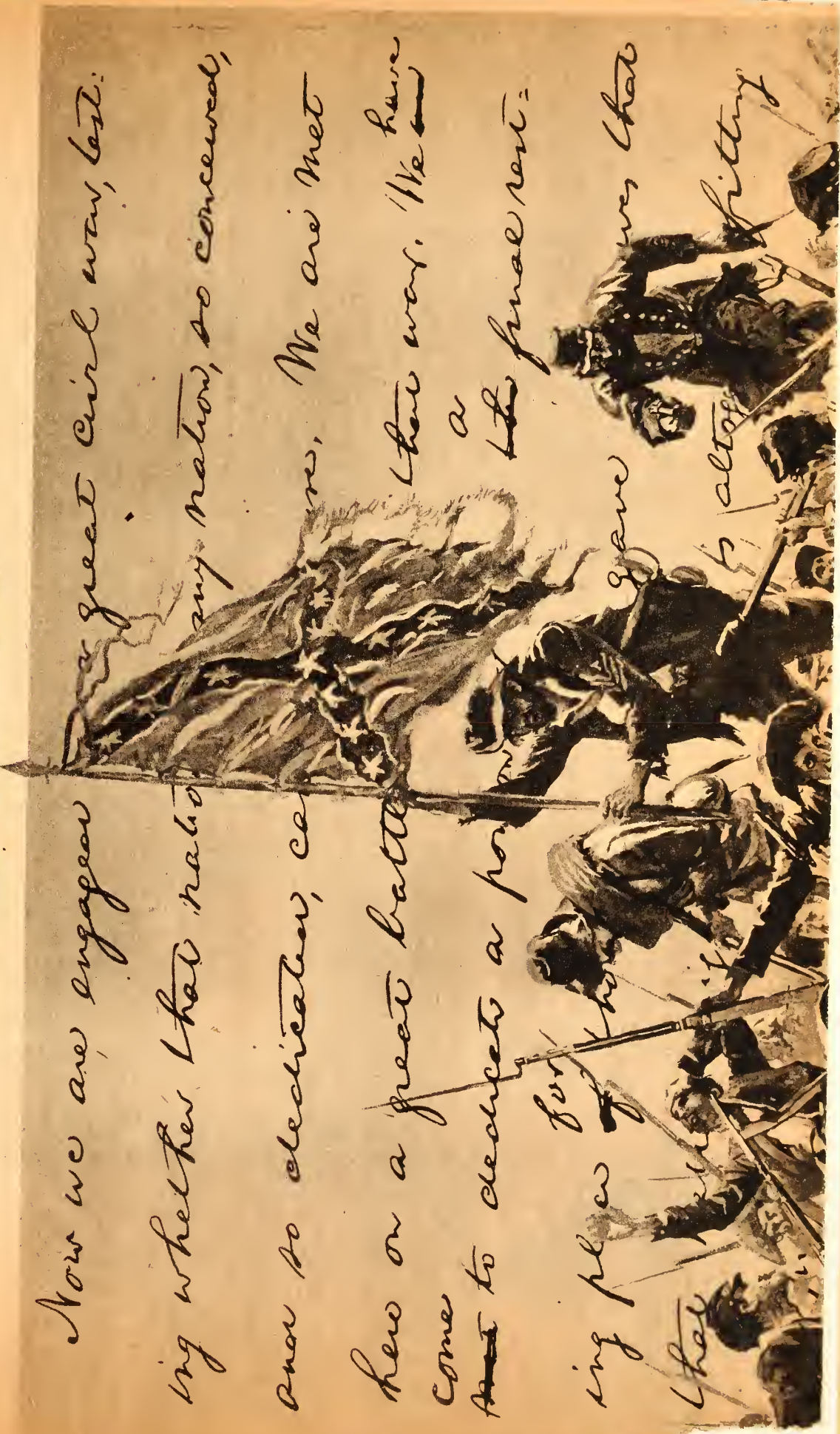
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Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met here on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.



The "high tide" of the Confederacy—and the beginning of an ebb which washed down to Appomattox: Pickett's charge and, in the background, a section of the Gettysburg address written in Lincoln's own hand.

THE DRAMA BEHIND THE GETTYSBURG EPIC

By SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

A 17-YEAR-OLD BOY leaned moping over a gate in Quincy, Ill., nearly one hundred years ago. He wished he were home in Virginia, away from these God-forsaken prairies and, above all, away from Uncle Andrew's dreary law books. He didn't want to be a lawyer. He wanted to be like his four cousins, but his peppery uncle had said "no" in more different ways than one would have thought possible.

This is the story of the Battle of Gettysburg, the crucial battle of the Civil War, fought seventy-five years ago, on July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, and commemorated today by President Roosevelt, who will dedicate an "eternal flame," symbolizing eternal peace among the States. At Gettysburg, on the third day, the cause of the Confederacy was lost when Pickett led his gallant but futile charge. At Gettysburg, four months later, Abraham Lincoln delivered his immortal Address. This is the story of the battle, but it is also the story of the intense personal drama played against the background of that battle—the story of the fateful crossings of the paths of Lincoln and Pickett.

"What's the matter, my boy?" He looked up at a tall, gaunt stranger with a big nose and a mole on his right cheek. No young man going on 18 likes

to be addressed as "my boy," but the stranger had such a homely, kindly face that before he knew it the youngster was unburdening himself. Perhaps the Record-

ing Angel took down that conversation, which must have gone something like this:

"So you don't wish to be a lawyer!" said the man sadly. "Where would this country be without law—and justice?"

"Where would this country be without our soldiers, who won and preserved our independence?" countered the boy.

The man laughed: "You argue like a lawyer. You might go far in the profession you despise. But tell me, what do you wish to be?"

"A soldier, sir, an officer. It runs in my family three cousins are in the army and now a letter from home says that Cousin Dick—he's the fourth—passed his West Point exams. I wanted to try for an appointment, but Uncle Andrew says I must

stick by my bargain and be his clerk and read law with him."

"Uncle Andrew! You must be Andy Johnson's nephew; and your name is!"

"Pickett, sir; George Pickett. And you, sir?"

"My name's Lincoln. I don't live here, but I know your uncle well. Better not say anything to him about our little talk; but just you keep rubbing your lamp, like that fellow in the Arabian Nights, and we'll see what happens."

A FEW mornings later George Pickett was awakened by pebbles thrown on his bedroom windowpane. Below stood Abraham Lincoln beside a horse saddled for a journey.

"You won't see me for a few days," he said. "I'm going up the way a place, but don't forget to rub your lamp."

Every day the young Virginia looked for his friend. At last the mail brought one of those recent innovations of the stationer's—a thick envelope. It contained an official-looking document and this letter from Mr. Lincoln:

"I never encourage deceit, and falsehood, especially if you have got a bad memory, is the worst enemy a fellow can have. The fact is, truth is your trust friend, no matter what the circumstances are. Notwithstanding this copy book preamble, my boy, I am inclined to suggest a little prudence on your part. You see, I have a congenial aversion to failure, and the sudden announcement to your Uncle Andrew of the success of your 'lamp rubbing' might possibly prevent your passing the severe physical examination to which

you will be subject in order to enter the Military Academy. You see, I should like to have a perfect soldier credited to Illinois—no broken bones, scalp wounds, etc. So I think perhaps it might be wise to hand this letter from me in to your good uncle through his room window after he has had a comfortable dinner, and watch its effect from the top of the pigeon house."

The official document was a nomination for West Point signed by Congressman John T. Stuart of Illinois, Lincoln's law partner and the man who urged him to study law.

West Point was infinitely a harder taskmaster than stern old Uncle Andrew,

but when you are happy nothing is hard that you enjoy doing. Cadet Pickett took to soldiering as a fish takes to water. Occasionally he heard from the man whose influence got him his appointment.

"Now, boy," Lincoln wrote, "on your march, don't you go ahead and forget the old maxim that 'one drop of honey catches more flies than a half-gallon of gall.' Load your musket with this maxim and smoke it in your pipe."

SECOND LIEUT. PICKETT hadn't a half-drop of gall in his disposition. He was jolly, impetuous, fairly bubbled good humor, and he never sent his men where he wouldn't go himself, because he would go anywhere. The Mexican War, which Congressman Lincoln opposed in stern criticism of President Pierce, was a sort of graduation present to the West Point Class of 1846. The country heard of dashing Lieutenant Pickett, who was first on the parapet in the scaling of Chapultepec and who unfurled the flag over the castle.

Captain Robert Lee, who every one said was a coming man in the army, was his friend. Lieutenant George McClellan was sent to fight almost as much of him as he did of himself. And a lonely lieutenant named Grant almost bit his cigar in two as he grinned and slapped his leg at George Pickett's jokes and tall stories.

Captain Pickett seemed to have too good a time to settle down and marry. One day, when he was past 30 and on duty at round old Fort Monroe, he ambled down Virginia Beach. A pair of grave eyes with a bit of mischief in them stared at him from under a big ootom umbrella. They belonged to a 12-year-old girl who until then had spent her life regretting she was not the boy her father wanted. Pickett paid mock court to the little girl. When he saw her again she was at boarding school, and the court he paid her was no longer mock. He wrote LaSalle Corbell hundreds of letters signed "Soldier"—infectious, tender little letters full of incident and with just the right number of

burning love passages. They are letters that a man writes to one person alone; if any one else saw them. They are letters that a woman would keep and some day be proud to share with the world.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

After the Spring of 1861 Sally Corbell's love letters came from Northern Virginia. Major Gen. Pickett commanded a division in Longstreet's famous corps of Lee's army, and his letters contained endearing hopes of an early wedding, gray descriptions of grim hardships and grateful admiration of ragged soldiers who hailed him as "Massa George." Late in June, 1863, these letters came streaming from Maryland and even Pennsylvania.

In May, Lee with 57,000 men had whipped Hooker's 97,000 at Chancellorsville, and President Lincoln, wringing his hands, cried "My God, my God! What will the country say?" The country replied with a poem, Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!" Lincoln had his eye on a man, but that man was busy on the Mississippi, pounding at Vicksburg.

Lee had won battles on his own soil,

but that was not enough. He must win a war—and that must be won on enemy territory. He collected 75,000 men, funneled them through the Shenandoah Valley and across the Potomac into Maryland. He might strike north toward Harrisburg, Pennsylvania's capital, or southeast at Washington, the Union capital. He could supply his army from enemy stores in Pennsylvania and decide whether to lunge at Philadelphia or Baltimore.

He had lost his "right arm," Stonewall Jackson, at Chancellorsville, and now, prompted by some evil genius, he had given up his "eyes." He permitted his cavalry leader and Sally Corbell's pseudo savior, J. E. B. Stuart, to make a raid around one of Hooker's flanks and later join him in Maryland or Pennsylvania. For seven days as he marched toward Pennsylvania,

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Old friends whom fate made antagonists—Lincoln (from a portrait made by Gardner in Washington on Nov. 8, 1863, eleven days before the Gettysburg Address) and Pickett, who led the flower of Lee's army to defeat.

Mezzero Collection, Ewing Gallery, Culver Service, Brown Brothers, drawing on previous page by C. S. Reinhart in Harper's Weekly

LINCOLN LORE

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November 28, 1938

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, delivered on November 19, 1863, preceeded by just one week the first annual Thanksgiving Day. Indirectly the Battle of Gettysburg was responsible for both the famous oration and the rather obscure but impressive proclamation by Lincoln.

Frequently the value of by-products, resulting from industrial enterprise, far exceeds the commodity for which the original project was planned. As a parallel in our national life it appears as if the by-products of the Gettysburg battle will eventually over-shadow the battle itself.

An elaborate program, commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle, was sponsored by the government this past summer; but the two equally important by-products, the dedicatory address and the Thanksgiving Proclamation, received little attention on their respective seventy-fifth anniversaries.

Abraham Lincoln had been in office but a few days over five months when he issued his first proclamation for a day "of public prayer, humiliation, and fasting" to be observed on "the last Thursday in September", 1861. On April 10, 1862 he issued a Proclamation of Thanksgiving for victories of the army and for divine guidance.

During the year 1863 proclamations setting apart days of praise and prayer were issued on three occasions. A national fast day was appointed for the last Thursday in April, and on the first Thursday in August the people were called upon to "invoke the Holy Spirit to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless and cruel rebellion".

Immediately after the Battle of Gettysburg, Sarah Josepha Hale wrote to President Lincoln appealing to him to set apart a day of Thanksgiving. Whether the Thanksgiving Proclamation which he issued on July 15, two weeks after the battle, setting aside August 6 as a day of Thanksgiving, or whether the proclamation of October 3, setting aside the last Thursday in November as a day of Thanksgiving, was the result of Mrs. Hale's appeal is problematical; but it is safe to say that both proclamations were inspired more or less by the military contest.

Mrs. Hale should be commended for her perseverance in attempting to have Thanksgiving Day observed annually throughout the nation, but she is not the parent of this annual festival as it is now observed, although she had advocated the day of thanks as early as 1827, and subsequently appealed to congress to establish an annual festival. It was not until Abraham Lincoln came to the White House that she succeeded in securing a favorable response. With all due respect to the Pilgrims, George Washington, James Madison, and Mrs. Hale in their respective contributions to the Thanksgiving tradition, it was Abraham Lincoln who became the founder of the annual national Thanksgiving celebration as we now observe it. Not only did he issue and sign the first proclamation in 1863, but he also emphasized the annual aspect of the celebration by issuing another Thanksgiving proclamation for 1864.

The second paragraph of the first annual national Thanksgiving Proclamation observes that "In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity . . .

the theatre of military conflict has been . . . greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union". The third paragraph emphasizes "the waste that has been made in camp, the siege, and the battle field", and then Lincoln commends to God "all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife".

The address delivered by Lincoln at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery resulted, directly of course, from the Gettysburg battle. In the second paragraph of this address Lincoln recalls that "we are engaged in a great civil war" and that "we have met on a great battle-field of that war".

It may be observed from the references to the war that the Gettysburg battle was fresh in Lincoln's mind at the time the proclamation was issued, and, after all, it may indirectly have had about as much to do with the final issuing of the Thanksgiving Proclamation as any other influence.

Aside from the military aspects of both the Thanksgiving Proclamation and the Gettysburg Address, it is evident that the latter borrowed something in the way of diction from the less famous proclamation when Lincoln said "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this". He felt the same way about the proclamation and wrote, "It has seemed to me fit and proper", etc.

It might be truly said that the Gettysburg Address was written in the atmosphere of the Thanksgiving Proclamation and that both of these remarkable papers came out of the aftermath of the Gettysburg battle. The following brief excerpts reveal the same beauty of expression:

From the Emancipation Proclamation

"The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of almighty God. . . .

"No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the most high God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy."

From the Gettysburg Address

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth".

6-19-19

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WITH PEN AND CAMERA ON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG IN PEACE AND WAR

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When the grand reunion between the Blue and the Gray takes place at Gettysburg the names and deeds of the officers who fought there will be on the lips of their comrades. Prominent in command upon the field were Pickett and Meade. Those gray halberd veterans will always remember Pickett's daring charge. Custer was also there. His life was spared, only to be taken when his command was annihilated at the battle of Little Big Horn by the Indians. Reynolds and Sedgwick were killed by sharpshooters. Doubleday, who took command after Reynolds' death, won distinction. Hancock, Sickles, Howard, Warren, Hunt—these, with their chiefs, Meade and Lee, helped to mark Gettysburg as one of the bloodiest battlefields in the world and to prove to themselves and the world that the United States of America would always stand.

Waukegan Fair, Freeman July 6 1950

Unpublicized Talk Among Lincoln's Best

BY RALPH A. MILLER

Historic Lincoln mementoes still turn up in the least expected places after aging in dust for 85 years since the president's death. The greatest single source remaining today are copies of 1860-1865 period newspapers.

A timely example pivots around a copy of the July 11, 1863 issue of the "New York Weekly Tribune." The paper recounts the day to day events of a memorable week that a war-weary populace recognized as a turning point in the Civil war. And for added, good measure, included one of Abraham Lincoln's best, unpublicized speeches.

An official navy dispatch announcing the fall of strategic Vicksburg set the chain of events into motion.

The whole country was electrified on Tuesday morning by the publication of the following brief telegram:

**U. S. Mississippi Squadron
Flagship Black Hawk, July 4, 1863
Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary
of Navy**

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg has surrendered to the United States on this 4th of July.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant, D. D. Porter, Acting Rear Admiral

Good news travels fast. Before the varied special Vicksburg dispatches filed reached printers' ink that week-end word had flashed around the country. The dispatches were relegated to page 5.

Speaking for the country as a whole, President Lincoln made front page news with a delayed Fourth of July speech, given July 7, 1863 and reported as follows:

REJOICING OVER GOOD NEWS

A procession with bands of music proceeded to the Executive Mansion this evening. The crowd soon became immense and there were in addition to the patriotic

strains of music, repeated cheers for the president, Meade, Grant and Rosecrans. The president appeared at an upper window, and spoke as follows:

"Fellow-citizens: I am very glad indeed to see you tonight, and yet I will not say I thank you for this call, but I do most sincerely thank God for the occasion on which you have called.

"How long ago is it—eighty odd years—since on the Fourth of July for the first time in the history of the world a nation by it's representatives assembled and declared as a self-evident truth that all men are created equal. That was the birthday of the United States of America.

"Since then the Fourth of July has had several peculiar recognitions. The two most distinguished men in the framing and the support of the Declaration were Thomas Jefferson and John Adams—the one having penned it and the other sustained it the most forcibly in debate—the only two of the 55 who sustained it being elected president of the United States.

"Precisely 50 years after they put their hands to the paper it pleased God Almighty to take both from the stage of action. This was indeed an extraordinary and remarkable event in our history.

"Another president, five years after, was called from this stage of existence, on the same day and month of the year; and now, in this last Fourth of July just passed, when we have a gigantic rebellion, of the bottom of which is an effort to overthrow the principle that all men were created equal, we have the surrender of a most powerful position and army on the very same day and not only so, but in a battle in Pennsylvania, near us, through three days, so rapidly fought that they might be called one great

battle on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of the month of July; and on the 4th the cohorts of those who opposed the declaration that all men were created equal, "turned tail" and ran.

"Gentlemen, this is a glorious theme and the occasion for a speech, but I am not prepared to make one worthy of the occasion. I would like to speak in words of praise due to the many brave officers and soldiers who have fought in the cause of the Union and liberties of the country from the beginning of the war.

"These are trying times, not only in success, but for the want of success. I dislike to mention the name of one single officer lest I might do wrong to those I might forget. Recent events bring up glorious names, and particularly prominent ones, but these I will not mention. Having said this much, I will now take the music."

The three day battle mentioned occurred at Gettysburg, Pa., lending credence to a belief that the 1863 Fourth of July speech alone furnished the thought and pattern for the later twenty line Gettysburg address.

ON GETTYSBURG DAY

JERRY CHURCH

“GENERAL TANNATT, will you kindly direct your regimental band to perform some piece suitable to this day?”

It was President Abraham Lincoln who spoke. The day was Sunday, July 4, 1863. President Lincoln, accompanied by the two young daughters of Secretary of War Stanton, had ridden in a carriage to the outskirts of Washington, D. C. Here General Tannatt had invited the President to witness a special parade.

The great battle of Gettysburg, not far away in Pennsylvania, was just ending at that time. Only incomplete reports of the progress of the battle had reached President Lincoln. Yet he had heard enough to know that the fighting was very bitter, and his heart was heavy with sadness for the brave men, both from the North and the South, who were dying.

General Tannatt realized that the day was a very serious and solemn one in the history of our country. The musicians, at his order, began to play a moving religious composition. As Abraham Lincoln listened, with bowed head, tears ran down his cheeks.

At the very time that the President and Secretary Stanton's two daughters stood listening to the solemn music, General Robert E. Lee was retreating from Pennsylvania across the Potomac River and into Virginia. When Pickett's charge at Gettysburg had failed, General Lee's Confederates had lost the great battle. General Meade's Union Army had suffered heavily, too.

It was the battle of Gettysburg that determined the winner of the Civil War. It meant the realization of President Lincoln's greatest dream: the preservation of the United States of America as one great nation. Yet the fearful price paid in the sufferings of a civil war always pressed on his heart.

When President Lincoln was killed, shortly after the war was over, General Tannatt spoke to some friends of that Sunday afternoon. “It was the last time that I saw him. I had been acquainted with Mr. Lincoln for several years, but that occasion impressed me deeply. I shall never forget the solemn sadness of his face, wet with tears. If ever a man showed sympathy for his fellowmen, it was President Lincoln at the time of Gettysburg.”—*Friends*.

JULY 2, 1955

(7) 943

Gospel Herald

The Charge at Gettysburg



THE battle of Chancellorsville marked the zenith of Confederate good fortune. Immediately afterward, in June, 1863, Lee led the victorious army of Northern Virginia into Pennsylvania. The South was now the invader, not the invaded, and its heart beat proudly with hopes of success; but these hopes went down in bloody wreck on July 4, when word was sent to the world that the high valor of Virginia had failed at last on the field of Gettysburg, and that in the far west Vicksburg had been taken by the army of the "silent soldier."

At Gettysburg Lee had under him some seventy thousand men, and his opponent, Meade, about ninety thousand. Both armies were composed mainly of seasoned veterans, trained to the highest point by campaign after campaign and battle after battle; and there was nothing to choose between them as to the fighting power of the rank and file. The Union army was the larger, yet most of the time it stood on the defensive; for the difference between the generals, Lee and Meade, was greater than could be bridged by twenty thousand men. For three days the battle raged. No other battle of recent time has been so obstinate and so bloody. The victorious Union army lost a greater percentage in killed and wounded than the allied armies of England, Germany, and The Netherlands lost at Waterloo. Four of its seven corps suffered each a greater relative loss than befell the world-renowned British infantry on the day that saw the doom of the French emperor. The defeated Confederates at Gettysburg lost, relatively, as many as the defeated French at Waterloo; but whereas the French army became a mere rabble, Lee withdrew his formidable soldiery with their courage unbroken, and their fighting power only diminished by their actual losses in the field.

The decisive moment of the battle, and perhaps of the whole war, was in the afternoon of the third day, when Lee sent forward his choicest troops in a last effort to break the middle of the Union line. The center of the attacking force was Pickett's division, the flower of the Virginia infantry; but many other brigades took part in the assault, and the column, all told, numbered over fifteen thousand men. At the same

time, the Confederates attacked the Union left to create a diversion. The attack was preceded by a terrific cannonade, Lee gathering one hundred and fifteen guns, and opening a fire on the center of the Union line. In response, Hunt, the Union chief of artillery reserves, gathered eighty guns on the crest of the gently sloping hill, where attack was threatened. For two hours, from 1 till 3, the cannonade lasted, and the batteries on both sides suffered severely. In both the Union and Confederate lines caissons were blown up by the fire, riderless horses dashed hither and thither, the dead lay in heaps, and throngs of wounded streamed to the rear. Every man lay down and sought what cover he could. It was evident that the Confederate cannonade was but a prelude to a great infantry attack, and at 3 o'clock Hunt ordered the fire to stop, that the guns might cool, to be ready for the coming assault. The Confederates thought that they had silenced the hostile artillery, and for a few minutes their firing continued, then, suddenly, it ceased, and there was a lull.

* * * * *

The men on the Union side who were not at the point directly menaced peered anxiously across the space between the lines to watch the next move, while the men in the divisions which it was certain were about to be assaulted, lay hugging the ground and gripping their muskets, excited, but confident and resolute. They saw the smoke clouds rise slowly from the opposite crest, where the Confederate army lay, and the sunlight glinted again on the long line of brass and iron guns which had been hidden from view during the cannonade. In another moment, out of the lifting smoke there appeared, beautiful and terrible, the picked thousands of the Southern army coming on to the assault. They advanced in three lines, each over a mile long, and in perfect order. Pickett's Virginians held the center, with on their left the North Carolinians of Pender and Pettigrew, and on their right the Alabama regiments of Wilcox; and there were also Georgian and Tennessee regiments in the attacking force. Pickett's division, however, was the only one able to press its charge home. After leaving the woods where they started, the Confederates had nearly a mile and a half to go in their charge. As the Virginians

moved, they bent slightly to the left, so as to leave a gap between them and the Alabamians on the right.

The Confederate lines came on magnificently. As they crossed the Emmetsburg pike the eighty guns on the Union crest, now cool and in good shape, opened upon them, first with shot and then with shell. Great gaps were made every second in the ranks, but the gray-clad soldiers closed up to the center, and the color-bearers leaped to the front, shaking and waving the flags. The Union infantry reserved their fire until the Confederates were within range, when the musketry crashed out with a roar, and the big guns began to fire grape and canister. On came the Confederates, the men falling by hundreds, the colors fluttering in front like a little forest; for as fast as a color-bearer was shot some one else seized the flag from his hand before it fell. The North Carolinians were more exposed to the fire than any other portion of the attacking force, and they were broken before they reached the line. There was a gap between the Virginians and the Alabama troops, and this was taken advantage of by Stannard's Vermont brigade and a demi-brigade under Gates, of the 20th New York, who were thrust forward into it. Stannard changed front with his regiments and fell on Pickett's forces in flank, and Gates continued the attack. When thus struck in the flank, the Virginians could not defend themselves, and they crowded off toward the center to avoid the pressure. Many of them were killed or captured; many were driven back; but two of the brigades, headed by General Armistead, forced their way forward to the stone wall on the crest, where the Pennsylvania regiments were posted under Gibbon and Webb.

The Union guns fired to the last moment, until of the two batteries immediately in front of the charging Virginians every officer but one had been struck. One of the mortally wounded officers was young Cushing, a brother of the hero of the Albemarle fight. He was almost cut in two, but holding his body together with one hand, with the other he fired his last gun, and fell dead, just as Armistead, pressing forward at the head of his men, leaped the wall, waving his hat on his sword. Immediately afterward the battle-flags of the foremost Confederate regiments crowned the crest, but their strength was spent. The Union troops moved forward with the bayonet, and the remnant of Pickett's division, attacked on all sides, either surrendered or retreated down the hill again. Armistead fell, dying, by the body of the dead Cushing. Both Gibbon and Webb were wounded. Of Pickett's command two-thirds were killed, wounded or captured, and every brigade commander and every field officer, save one, fell. The Virginians tried to rally, but were broken and driven again by Gates, while Stannard repeated, at the expense of the Alabamians, the movement he had made against the Virginians, and, reversing his front, attacked them in flank. Their lines were torn by the batteries in front, and they fell back before the Vermonter's attack, and Stannard reaped a rich harvest of prisoners and of battle-flags.

* * * * *

The charge was over. It was the greatest charge in any battle of modern times, and it had failed. It would be impossible to surpass the gallantry of those that made it, or the gallantry of those that withstood it. Had there been in command of the Union army a general like Grant, it would have been followed by a counter-charge, and in all probability the war would have been shortened by nearly two years; but no counter-charge was made.

As the afternoon waned, a fierce cavalry fight took place on the Union right. Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry commander, had moved forward to turn the Union right, but he was met by Gregg's cavalry, and there followed a contest, at close quarters, with "the white arm." It closed with a desperate melee, in which the Confederates, charging under Generals Wade Hampton and Fitz Lee, were met in mid career by the Union Generals Custer and McIntosh. All four fought, saber in hand, at the head of their troopers, and every man on each side was put into the struggle. Custer, his yellow hair flowing, his face aflame with the eager joy of battle, was in the thick of the fight, rising in his stirrups as he called to his famous Michigan swordsmen: "Come on, you Wolverines, come on!" All that the Union infantry, watching eagerly from their lines, could see, was a vast dust cloud where flakes of light shimmered as the sun shone upon the swinging sabers. At last the Confederate horsemen were beaten back, and they did not come forward again or seek to renew the combat; for Pickett's charge had failed and there was no longer hope of Confederate victory.

When night fell, the Union flags waved in triumph on the field of Gettysburg; but over thirty thousand men lay dead or wounded, strewn through wood and meadow, on field and hill, where the three days' fight had surged.—**THEODORE ROOSEVELT.**

Battle of Gettysburg
[Binder 1, p. 11-15]

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Gettysburg Address



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